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THEO. D. FISHER.

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Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration were granted to the undersigned on the estate of Henry Quigley, dec'd, by the Clerk of the Probate Court of Lincoln county, Mo., on the 10th day of July, 1872.
Persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the administrator within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if not exhibited within two years from the date of said letters, they will be forever barred. [jn31] DAVID T. WADDE, Adm'r.

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LEE.

Remeniscences of the Great Confederate Commander. His Opinion of the Northern People and their Invading Armies.

[From the Lexington (Va.) Correspondence of the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

No one can visit the beautiful little town of Lexington, in the valley of Virginia, without hearing a great deal said about Robert E Lee and Stonewall Jackson, of whose residence and burial here the people are all very proud.

It has occurred to your correspondent that, in these days, when an honest effort is made to bring about a better state of feeling between the lately belligerent sections, and when this effort is being opposed by ultra men both North and South, it might be a word in season to give a detailed account of the feelings of General Lee toward the government and the people against whom four long years he fought so heroically.

Ex-Secretary Wells has done much towards softening the bitterness of the Southern people by showing the kindly feelings which Mr. Lincoln cherished towards them. May not a candid statement of Lee's entire want of bitterness towards the North tend to allay bad feelings on both sides?

It may be well, however, to correct at the start an impression that has been somewhat widely prevalent, to the effect that Lee did not enter heartily into the contest, and was always anxious to make terms with the United States authorities.

The truth is that while in the beginning very much opposed to the secession movement, and deeply anxious for the preservation of the Union on terms consistent with the liberties and rights of all sections; yet after the war had begun by the fall of Sumter, the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln and the secession of Virginia and other states, General Lee did not hesitate for a moment to refuse the supreme command of the United States army, (which we have the authority of Mr. Montgomery Blair for saying was tendered him.) to cast in his lot with his native state, and to show to the end of the bitter struggle a devotion to the cause of Southern independence unsurpassed by that of any Southern leader. He conscientiously believed that it was his duty to side with the South, and wherever duty led, Robert Lee was wont to follow with unquestioning devotion.

We might furnish abundant proof on this point, but the following will suffice: In June, 1868, he remarked, to his trusted Lieutenant, Gen. Wade Hampton, in speaking of his course during the war: "I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor. And if all was to do over again I should act precisely in the same manner." But, while devoted to the confederate cause, and doing everything in his power to promote it, he rose above all vindictive feelings toward those to whom he was opposed, and came nearer fulfilling the scripture requirements than any one whom we have ever known.

Your correspondent enjoyed the proud privilege of coming into frequent contact with this great man and hearing him converse with all the freedom and unreserve of the social circle; yet we never heard him let fall a single expression toward the government or the people of the North, while on the other hand we have several times heard him rebuke others for such expressions.

The terms "Yankee," "abolitionists," "Puritan fanatics," "vandals," &c., by which some of the newspaper press and people of the South were accustomed to designate the invaders of their soil, never escaped his pure lips; and in his great heart no malice or malignity dwelt. The bitterest terms he was ever known to employ towards the enemy were those he used when he said one day to his son Robert, who was bravely working at a gun (as a private in the Rockbridge artillery): "That is right, my son, drive those people back!"

He used, sometimes, to speak of the enemy as "General Meade's people," "General Grant's people," or "our friends across the river," and neither his official papers nor his private correspondence ever contained harsher expressions.

While in command of the Virginia forces in the early spring of 1861 he was visited by a prominent citizen who carried his little boy, with a beautiful copy of the Scripture, which he wished to present to General Lee. The General received the gift with evident pleasure and cordial thanks, saying that he "could not have received a more acceptable gift than so beautiful a copy of the Holy Bible," and had the little fellow on his knee entertaining him in that inimitable manner which won the hearts of all the children with whom he came in contact, when the father asked: "Henry, what is General Lee going to do with General Scott?" The little fellow, who had caught some of the slang of the streets, at once replied: "He is going to whip him out of his boots!" Gen. Lee's whole countenance and manner instantly changed, and putting Henry down from his lap, and looking him steadily in the eye, he said: "My dear little boy, you should not talk in that way. Gen. Scott is a great and good man; and no one knows how this war will terminate."

To one acquainted with General Lee's devotion to his family, his delight in the family reunions at Arlington, and the poignancy with which he felt the loss of his home and the scattering of his loved ones, it would be no matter of surprise if he had, in the sacred confidence of his private letters to his family, expressed himself even bitterly toward those who were the authors of this sore trial. We give in full the following beautiful letter to his daughter, written on Christmas day, 1861, under circumstances which were well calculated to awaken a sad contrast between *that day* and the "merry Christmas" they were wont to have in the hospitable halls of "dear Arlington."

"COOSAWATCHIE, S. C., December 25, 1861.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—Having distributed such poor Christmas gifts as I had to those around me, I have been looking for something for you. Trifles even are hard to get these hard times, and you must not, therefore, expect more. I have sent you what I thought most useful in your separation from me, and I hope it will be of some service. Though stigmatized as 'vile dross,' it has never been a drug with me. Yet how little will it purchase. That you may never want for it, restrict your wants to your necessities.

"To compensate for such 'trash,' I send you some sweet violets that I gathered for you this morning while covered with dense white frost, whose crystals glittered in the bright sun like diamonds, and formed a brooch of rare beauty and sweetness, which could not be fabricated by the expenditure of a world of money. You see how God provides for our pleasure in every way. May he guard and preserve you for me my dear daughter.

"Among the calamities of the war the hardest to bear, perhaps, is the separation of families and friends. Yet, all which must be endured to accomplish our independence and maintain our self-government. In my absence from you I have thought of you very often and regretted that I could do nothing for your comfort. Your old home, if not destroyed by our enemies, has been so desecrated that I cannot bear to think of it.

"I should have prefered it to have been wiped from the earth, its beautiful hills sunk and its sacred trees buried, rather than to have been degraded by the presence of those who revel in the ill they do for their own selfish purposes.

"You see what a poor sinner I am, and how unworthy to possess what was given me; for that reason it was taken away.

"I pray for a better spirit, and that the hearts of our enemies may be changed. In your houseless condition I hope you may make yourself contented and useful. Occupy yourself in aiding those more helpless than yourself.

Think always of your father.

R. E. LEE."

It was well known throughout the Confederate army that General Lee did everything in his power to soften the asperities and lessen the horrors of the war; that he always treated his prisoners with kindness and made them as comfortable as his scant resources would allow; and that to his potent influence was due the failure of the Confederate government to carry into effect its threatened retaliation.

But his spirit was beautifully manifested in his conduct during the Pennsylvania campaign of 1863.

We presume that no fair minded man will now deny that the conduct of the Federal soldiery in the South was sometimes marked by pillage and outrage well calculated to make the Confederates inclined to retaliate when they got a chance in the fair fields of the North—that the orders of Pope, Butler and other men of like spirit were likely to exasperate the leaders, and prepare the soldiery of the Southern armies for similar outrages. Accordingly when the head of Gen. Lee's army was turned northward, the newspaper press of the South resounded with cries for retaliation, and earnestly argued that the best way to bring the war a successful issue was to let the people of the North *feel* it as we had done. Prominent men urged these views upon General Lee, and it would not have been surprising if he had so far yielded to the popular clamor as to have at least winked at depredations on the part of his soldiers But he did not for a single moment forget that he led the army of a people who professed to be governed by the laws of Christian civilization, from which no outrages on the part of others could justify him in departing.

Accordingly, as soon as the head of his column crossed the Potomac, he issued a beautiful address, in which he called upon his men to abstain from pillage and depredations of all kinds, and enjoined upon his officers to bring to condign punishment all offenders against this order.

If this had been intended simply for effect, while the men were to be permitted to plunder as they pleased, this order would have sufficed; but a short time afterwards we find General Lee issuing the following, which forms one of the brightest pages of the history of that unhappy fratricidal strife, and reflects the brightest honors on both the commander and the army he led:

"HEADQ'RS ARMY NORTHERN VA., CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, '63.

"General orders No. 73.

"The Commanding general has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed a greater fortitude, or better have performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

"There have been, however, instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, and without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

"The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property; and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E LEE, General."

General Lee exerted himself to have this order rigidly enforced, and with the largest measure of success, as even the Northern papers testified at the time.

Just before the opening of the campaign of 1864 he was one day at his signal station, on Clarke's mountain, in Orange county, viewing the vast army which Grant had collected on the plains of Culpepper.

As the great captain saw the tents of the enemy stretching in every direction, and reflected that he must soon meet that vast host of one hundred and twenty thousand men with his little army of only forty thousand, his brow was serious and thoughtful. One of his favorite officers standing by, and sympathizing with the feelings of his chief, suddenly exclaimed, "I wish those people were all dead."

General Lee at once replied, with a pleasant smile and that inimitable grace so characteristic of him: "Now, general how can you say that? I wish that they were all at their homes attending to their own business, and leaving us to do the same."

After the war his spirit of forbearance towards the government and people of the North seemed to have deepened and grown in strength along with that beautiful Christian character which shone out so brightly during the last three years of his life.

Soon after Underwood's grand jury found against him an indictment for "treason and rebellion" (in violation of the terms of his surrender, as General Grant himself insisted), a distinguished clergyman of his church called to see him, and in the course of his conversation expressed some very vindictive sentiments towards the United States authorities and the people of the North. There were others present and the General pleasantly turned the conversation, but when the clergyman took his leave, Gen. Lee followed him from the room, and warmly shaking his hand, said: "Doctor, there is a good old book which I read and you preach from, which says: 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?"

To the explanations and apologies of the clergyman, General Lee replied, with a good deal of feeling: "I fought against the people of the North because I believed that they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights. But I can truly say that I never cherished towards them vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

The world's history affords few sublimer examples than this of the minister of the "Gospel of Peace" sitting at the feet of the stern warrior to learn lessons on the duty of love to enemies.

On one occasion in Lexington, a certain distinguished orator made an address in which he used some very harsh expressions concerning the Northern people After the address was over, General Lee came to your correspondent and said: "I saw you taking notes during the address. If you propose to publish a report of it, I suggest that you leave out all of those bitter expressions. They will do us no good and are, I think, undignified and unbecoming."

Soon after Congress had passed some of the most objectionable of the so called "reconstruction" acts, two of the professors of his college were conversing with General Lee, when one of them expressed himself very bitterly concerning Congress and the Northern people generally. The general quietly took from his table a manuscript (which proved afterwards to be his memoir of his father) and read in clear distinct tones, the following lines:

"Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
And store with pearls the hand that brings the woe;
Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side;
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower,
With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower;
All nature cries aloud, shall man do less
Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?"

"Now these lines were written," said General Lee, "by a Mussulman, the poet of Shiraz—the immortal Hafiz—shall we, who profess to be Christians, refuse to be governed by a philosophy as high, and learn to 'love our enemies,' or at least not to hate them?"

To the lady who brought her son to Washington college, and expressed a wish that he should be taught to hate Yankees, he replied: "No such lessons shall be taught here, madam, and you ought not to raise your son with such feelings. We must now regard the United States as our common country, obey its laws and seek to forget as soon as possible the bitter memories of the war." Your corespondent saw him one day standing at his gate talking very pleasantly with an humble looking man, who walked away very much delighted just as we came up.

"That is one of our old soldiers, sir, in necessitious circumstances," said General Lee.

"Ah! General, to what regiment did he belong?" we asked, taking it for granted that it was some old Confederate who had come to pay his respects to his loved chief.

"I do not know to what regiment he belonged," was the reply; "he fought on the other side, but we must not think of that now."

The next day we met the old soldier—an Irishman—gloriously drunk (we are sorry to say), and spoke to him about his interview with General Lee. Pat at once went into raptures, exclaiming, "He is the greatest man that ever lived, and as kind as he is great. He not only had a pleasant word for an old soldier who fought against him, but he gave me five dollars to help me on my way."

Generl Lee declined all invitations to attend meetings which had any connection with the war, carried out the terms of his parole with the most scrupulous exactness, and exerted a quiet but most potent influence in getting his old soldiers and the people of the South generally to "accept the situation and earnestly seek after the things which make for peace."

In this same spirit he refused to attend the "Gettysburg Indentification" meeting, and wrote a noble letter in which he said: "I think it wisest not to keep open the sores of the war, but to follow the example of those nations who endeavored to obliterate the marks of civil strife and to commit to oblivion the feelings it engendered."

King William of Prussia has been justly eulogized because he refused to allow the anniversary of Sadowa to be celebrated, that he "might not wound the feelings of any German people. But it seems to us that even nobler is the example of this leader of a "lost cause," who suppressed all natural resentment against what he deemed successful wrong and taught his people to "forget the bitter memories of the war," and to "commit to oblivion the feelings it engendered." It were well for the country if more of this spirit prevailed both North and South.

But while General Lee refused to attend political meetings, he was always a deeply interested spectator of what was going on in the political world, and was known to be conservative in all his views.

He warmly favored the movement of the famous "committee of nine," which resulted in the withdrawal of the Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, the fusion of Conservatives and Liberal Republicans, and the election of Gilbert C. Walker over H. H. Wells, the Grant candidate.

We cannot doubt that if General Lee was now alive, he would favor the present Liberal Republican movement, and that his potent influence would be felt in favor of Greeley and Brown against the military despot who rules at Washington.

The forthcoming "Lee Memorial Volume," (published by the faculty of Washington and Lee University, and under the direction of the Lee family) will contain many illustrations of this and other points of General Lee's character.

We have, however, written the above in the confidence that if it could be scattered broadcast over the whole country there would be held up to the American people an example which, especially at this present juncture, both North and South, might study and imitate to their own profit and the lasting good of our common country.

A German poet has lately published a touching poem, in which, however, some trifling inaccuracies in geography appear. The hero is represented as devoured by an alligator under a palm tree on the shore of Lake Erie, in America. The heroine hears of the terrible fate of her lover, down in the everglades of Lake Superior, where she is living, and rushes down south to Lake Erie, and lays in wait for that crocodile, captures him, cuts him open, extracts the bones of her dead lover, purchases a rich coffin, and has him interred in magnificent style in Greenwood cemetery, in New York, in the state of St. Louis.

The Elizabethtown News tells this: "The other evening little Annie Albert, aged two and a half years, daughter of Joseph J. Albert, according to custom, on lying down to sleep, requested her little sister carrie to kneel with her and say their prayers. Annie repeated "Now I lay me down to sleep,' &c., and at its conclusion continued: 'Now Lord, bless pa, an' ma, an' Tarrie, an' all my 'ittle aunties an' uncles, an' all my 'ittle s'eethearts'—just then a wicked fly lit on her nose, vigorously slapping at it—'shoo fly, doe's bovver me—amen!'

A clergyman said to a man burying his fourth wife: "The lord has indeed afflicted you." The mourner, sobbing, replied: "Yes, yes, he has;" and pausing a moment and wiping his nose, he continued: "But I don't think the Lord got much ahead of me, for as fast as he took one I took another."

The Queen at the Paper Mill.

The queen was riding out in her grand carriage, the horses tossing their plumes as if they felt themselves better than common horses, and the footman all decked out in red, feeling that they had something royal about them. The queen had always had everything she wanted, and so was quite miserable because she could not think of a want to supply, or a new place to visit.

At last she bethought her that they had just been building a new paper mill, a few mils out of the city. Now she had never seen a paper mill, and so she determined to stop a little way off, there leave her carriage, and walk in, not as a queen, but as an unknown common lady. She went in alone, and told the owner she would like to see his mill. He was in a great hurry, and did not know that she was the queen, but he said to himself, "I can gratify the curiosity of this lady, and add to her knowledge, and though I am terribly hurried, yet I will do this *kindness*." He then showed her all the machinery, how they *bleach* the rags, and make them white; how they grind them into pulp; how they make sheets and smooth and dry them, and make them beautiful. The queen was astonished and delighted. She would now have something new to talk and think about.

Just as she was about leaving the mill she came into a room filled with old worn out, dirty rags. At the door of this room was a great multitude of dirty men, and women, and children, bringing old bags on their backs, filled with bits of rags, and paper, parts of old newspapers, and the like, all exceedingly filthy. These were rag pickers; they had picked these old things out of the streets and gutters of the great city.

"What do you do with all these vile things?," said the queen.

"Why, madam, I make paper out of them. To be sure, they are not very profitable stock, but I can use them, and it keeps these poor creatures in bread."

"But rags! Why, sir, they are of all colors, and how do you make them white?"

"Oh! I have the power of taking out all the dirt and old colors. You see that 'scarlet' and crimson,' yet I can make even scarlet and crimson, the hardest colors, to remove and become white as snow."

"Wonderful, wonderful," said the queen. She took her leave, but the polite owner of the mill insisted on walking and seeing her safe in her carriage. When she got in and bowed to him with a smile and he saw the grand establishment, he knew it was the queen.

"Well, well," said he, "she has learned something at any rate. I wish it may be a lesson in true religion."

A few days after the queen found lying upon her writing desk a pile of the most beautiful polished paper she had ever seen. On each sheet were the letters of her own name and her own likeness. How she did admire it! She found also a note within, which she read. It ran thus:

"Will my queen be pleased to accept a specimen of my paper, with the assurance that every sheet was manufactured out of the contents of those dirty bags which she saw on the backs of the poor ragpickers? All the filth and colors are washed out, and I trust the result is such as even the queen may admire. Will the queen also allow me to say that I have had many a good sermon preached to me in my mill? I can understand how our Lord Jesus Christ can take a poor heathen, the low, sinful creatures everywhere, viler than the rags, and wash them and make them clean; and how, 'though their sins be as scarlet, He can make them whiter than snow; and though they be red, like crimson, He can make them as wool.' I can see that He can write His own name on their foreheads, as the queen will find her name on each sheet of paper; and I can see how, as these filthy rags may go into the palace and be ever admired, so poor vile sinners may be washed in the blood of the Lamb, and be received into the palace of the Great King in heaven."—Sunday School Times.

The women question has taken a new turn in Scotland, in the county of Orkney. On the death of the late inspector of poor for the parish of Stromness, the Parochial board met and unanimously appointed the daughter of the late inspector, who had been *de facto* the late inspector, during her father's illness, to the vacant office. The appointment was duly intimated to the board of supervisors at Edinburgh, who declared Miss Corsten ineligible, and dismissed her. Against this decision the local board appealed, and directed the attention of the Edinburgh board to the fact that by the interpretation clause of the poor law act the word "man" includes both sexes. The board, however, insisted on obedience to their decision, and called on the Stromness board to appoint a suitable inspector. They accordingly met, and, after full consideration, unanimously appointed the same lady, calling on the Edinburgh board to show the clause in the act which disqualifies her.

In a western railroad car the other night, a young and lovely couple were talking "tunnel" assiduously, until, as the train entered the tunnel, while the lamps inside the car burned brightly, the lovers indulged in one of those hearty salutations that are made to be felt, but not to be seen by indifferent spectators. Of course the car load exploded, while the impulsive swain apologized to his dulcinea with the unsatisfactory exclamation: "Confound the lamps, I didn't think of them."